

MY HERO ACADEMIA: HIDDEN GLUTTONY OF CREATI!

CW: Burps, overeating, weight gain

Disclaimer: Thing one--at the time of writing this I'm only halfway through S3 of the anime. Sadly I couldn't binge-watch all the way through before writing--hopefully I'm caught up enough to represent the characters correctly! Thing two--I know it's UA High, yadda yadda, but in my head these kids get a few extra years of "Quirk school" at preschool age because... you know, their society has to adjust them to the ability BLOW SHIT UP and all. So for the purposes of practical storytelling, all characters are eighteen or older.



Ochacu Ururaka was accustomed to mystery. As a student of U.A. High, she was constantly presented with new puzzles to solve: training regimens, class assignments... and of course the ever-present duty of keeping Katsui Bakugo from blowing Idoku Midori to smithereens. But when confronted with a true mystery, one that completely stumped her, Ururaka was driven into a frenzy.

"What do you *mean*, Momo took a leave of absence?"

Eraserhead, the Eraser Hero and their constantly red-eyed homeroom teacher, glanced down at the papers in front of him.

"I don't know. That's what it says on the paperwork she submitted. Frankly, it's one less student to grade. So I don't really care."

"But... But... For how long?!"

Distressed, Ururaka glanced at her classmates. The girls were the most concerned--Yaoyorozu hadn't said a word to them about leaving, and it was so sudden it almost seemed suspicious. The boys were trying to put on a brave face, but she could see Midoriya growing anxious, and even the most indifferent among them--Shoto Todoroki and Katsui Bakugo--raised eyebrows as the questions mounted, from the female half of the class.

"When will she be back?"

"What'll happen to her grades?"

And, of course, from Mineta in the back: "Can I have her room? N-not for anything... weird... just... *I want it.*" He began panting heavily. "I want to breathe her air... Taste her scent on the walls--**OW!**"

Behind her, Ururaka heard Tsuu-chan slapping Mineta for his perversion. She ignored it, preferring to stay on topic. At a school full of superheroes, every class was bound to get a bit rowdy--and she had a puzzle to solve.

"Mr. Eraserhead, if Yaoyorozu was in trouble for something, you would tell us... right?"

He looked up, indifferent, as he picked up his sleeping bag from the floor. Eraserhead had a habit of napping in class--his way of dealing with the red-eye from his superpowered Quirk.

"Of course. I can assure you she hasn't run afoul of any academic rules--she just asked for some time off. And given she got into U.A. High on recommendations, seems like the school board was happy to allow it. That's all I know."

With that, he slumped over onto the floor inside his yellow sleeping bag, pulling the zipper up to his nose.

"Today's assignment is on... *yawn*... Obesity and the Hero lifestyle, from chapter 11. Please remember to take notes, as there will be... a test later... **Zzzz**."

The class buzzed with curiosity and confusion as Eraserhead fell into a deep sleep... as he did most every class. Ururaka, for her part, was less than satisfied.

"She wouldn't just leave without telling us, if it weren't for a good reason... I hope she's okay..."

In violation of classroom rules, she pulled out her phone and sent a group-text to the rest of the girls.

<(Meet me after class... Yaoyorozu might need us, and a true hero always answers (the call!))

She paused, and added a few adorable emojis to the message. A good hero always kept smiling, after all.



After their lackluster studying session, the girls of Class 1-A regrouped in their dorm building, assembling in the common room.

"Here's the situation, people!" Ururaka slapped a whiteboard with a yardstick, making the rest of them jump. "Yaoyorozu has gone M-I-A. She hasn't answered any of her texts, and she hasn't been on social media for at least a few days. I'm hoping that she's alright... but we need to make sure! Who wants to come with me on an investigation?"

Tsuu, the frog-like Hero with sticky fingers and a frog tongue, scratched her head.

"Ururaka... *Ribbit*. Maybe if she took a leave of absence, she's got some kind of personal problem going on. Wouldn't it be rude for us to intrude?"

"That's a good point," said Mina Ashido, their acid-flinging pink Hero student. "If she needs some time alone, maybe we should let her be."

Ururaka sighed.

"I thought so too, at first. But allow me to present... *Exhibit A!*"

She slapped a photo up on the whiteboard, attaching it with Scotch tape. It was a picture of Yaoyorozu's parents, two of the wealthiest socialites in Japan, accepting what looked to be a large pile of books from Midnight, U.A. High's sensually costumed Hero-Arts teacher.

"A few days ago, Mineta was lurking on the roof trying to take pictures of us undressing through our bedroom windows... and he took this."

Ururaka reached behind the sofa and pulled out the unfortunate "hero," whose purple-grape "hair" was battered and bruised.

"And he's very sorry for being up there, in the first place... Isn't he?"

"Yes, I'm sorry!" Mineta blubbered as the girls growled at him, Kyoto in particular. "*Please don't kill me!*"

"Luckily for us, Mineta caught some interesting evidence... Evidence of Yaoyorozu's parent's up to something suspicious!"

Kyoto cocked her head, her "earphone jack" tentacles dangling. "But... What does it prove? Those just look like textbooks..."

"Maybe... Or maybe they're something far more sinister!" Ururaka slapped the photo with her yardstick. "What if those aren't textbooks at all? What if they're... *expulsion paperwork?*"

The girls gasped. Tsuu stuck out her tongue, confused.

"But... If she'd been expelled, wouldn't they tell us? *Rabbit.*"

"Maybe! But maybe not. U.A.'s reputation has been tarnished lately... it's possible maybe they kicked her out, and didn't tell anyone because they didn't want a public outcry over it! After all, Yaoyorozu's parents are very wealthy... they wouldn't want a scandal like that rocking their family, would they?"

Mina rolled her eyes. "Ururaka, that's ridiculous. She was getting full marks just last month! She told me so herself!"

Ururaka sighed. "Well, it's the only reason I could think of why she might disappear like that..."

From the back, Toru Hagakure spoke, raising one invisible hand into the air. "Can't we just go visit her house and ask what's going on?"

"Oh!" Ururaka blinked. She hadn't thought of such a simple solution. "I guess we could... Alright, guys! Let's go beyond--to Momo's house! All in favor, say aye!"

The vote was unanimous. "Aye!"



The elaborate mansion of the Yaoyorozu clan was a sprawling complex, its wrought-iron gates with their embossed brass symbols signifying generations of wealth and influence on the Japanese elite. From the bushes outside the mansion, Ururaka and company stared curiously at the building. They'd been turned away by butlers and bodyguards at the front gate... meaning if they wanted answers, they would have to get them by stealth instead.

It was very secure--the windows were quite high up. They'd been here before, but none of them had actually tried to break in before, so they all stood in quiet puzzlement before Mina spoke up.

"Ururaka... You've got gravity powers. Why don't you float up and let us through the window?"

"Hm, good idea, Mina... Keep watch guys, and make sure nobody sees me."

Ururaka concentrated and began to float upwards, spinning slightly. The other girls looked away demurely and Ururaka pressed her hands to her lap as her school uniform skirt threatened to drift upwards along with her, exposing her soft things and plump rear.

"Uwah~! Don't look up!"

They mumbled their assent... all except Mineta, who had followed the gang despite several beatings by Tsuu and was observing with rapt attention from a nearby bush.

"At long last," he lisped, drool dribbling from the edge of his mouth, "the games begin..."

Meanwhile, Ururaka was struggling to get through the window. She'd put on a few pounds lately despite the school's strenuous training regimen, and when she tried to squeeze through the tiny window, her plump rump stuck firmly in the rectangular hole.

"Aw, *crap!*"

Wriggling, she peered down into the gloomy vastness of Yaoyorozu's home. She was looking down into a vast dining-room... but something seemed odd.

That's weird, she thought, *where are all the servants?* Usually Yaoyorozu's house is bustling with butlers...

She couldn't help but experience a pang of jealousy at this thought. Yaoyorozu thought nothing of employing dozens of maids, manservants and even hairdressers... meanwhile, Ururaka's parents labored away at construction work year after year, never getting enough money.

Well, she could worry about that later--right now, she was still stuck in a window, and class-war concerns would have to wait. Wiggling her backside, the brunette blushed and gasped as her buttocks slid through the window, inch by inch...

“Stupid... high-calorie... cafeteria food! *Nngh!*”

Finally, she burst through and tumbled into the room, only saved from landing on her head by the still-active power of her gravity Quirk. Bouncing off the walls, she deactivated the power and dropped down onto a plush, Oriental rug.

She noticed as she did so that her surroundings were filled with not just opulence, but opulent food as well. The lush tables and gilded bureaus that filled Yaoyorozu's vast mansion were not bare as they usually were, but stacked with enormous bowls of candy. Peko Milky Candies, 'Puku-Puku' fish-shaped wafers and a dozen other decadent treats lay around for the taking... but why? Something wasn't right here.

Momo's parents don't usually allow sweets like this around, she thought, her brow furrowing. Wonder what's changed?

All the same, her mouth watered just looking at them. Surely Momo wouldn't mind if she just took a few... or a half-dozen. Or a dozen.

Feeling guilty, knowing she was allowing herself to become distracted from the mystery at hand, Ururaka stuck out her hand and grabbed a handful of Kabaya gummy-candies. Shoving them in her mouth, she was overcome with delight as the sugary flavors flooded her taste buds.

“Mmf... It's so good! We could never, gulp, afford this back home...”

She wandered from room to room, ostensibly searching for “clues” but in reality seeking as many of the delicious sugary treats as she could find. And she wasn't disappointed. Room after room of such sweets awaited her, as if they had been laid out in some kind of elaborate candy-themed tour route.

“Ooh, Tohatsu caramel corn! MMm, Misokatsu bars! Ooh, Momo you are so loaded, I'm jealous... Mff, *gllp*... **URrrrP**. ‘Scuze me!’”

Soon her mouth was covered in chocolate stains. Ururaka knew she should have been focusing on the task at hand, but her sweet tooth was simply too powerful to resist. Soon, her stomach began gurgling and groaning under the weight of the sugar she was stuffing into it, and the buttons on her school uniform began to strain under the load.

“Urrgh... Okay, maybe... maybe I should slow down just a lil' bit... **b'hulllch.**”

Unaccustomed to endless loads of high-carb treats, her body rapidly grew queasy and gassy... making it hard for Ururaka to concentrate, on her mission, or on her Quirk. She quickly realized she'd gotten both distracted and lost, unable to open the front or side doors for the girls, and largely useless for the recon mission they'd set out on.

Worse, a powerful sugar rush was kicking in, making her dizzy and giggly. Burping softly, Ururaka stumbled into another room... and then shrank against the wall, astonished.

Inside was the woman they were looking for: Momo Yaoyorozu. But Momo didn't look like her usual self.

Normally, Momo was a spunky and athletic girl, tall and well-built with extravagant hair that swept behind her in a proud, dark mane of ponytail. Her skimpy but practical red costume allowed her to “print” mundane objects from her skin, and her muscular body was honed to perfection in the UA gymnasium, with only her chest and rear exhibiting any accumulation of fat.

But this Momo was radically different. Where before she’d been a tough, toned heroine, now she was quite overweight--obese, actually. Her costume spread out to the sides, displaced by a heavy, hanging belly that looked more like the swollen gut of a sumo wrestler than that of a hero-in-training. Her face, once narrow and classically beautiful, had changed into a chubby, red-cheeked apparition, her chin swollen with extra fat and her skin pink with exertion.

The rest of her body had changed as well--her hourglass figure had vanished under an almost apple-shaped body, the curves of her rear buried in rolls of back-fat and surmounting two massive thighs that braced her against the floor, preventing her newly massive belly from tipping her over.

Ururaka’s eyes crossed in confusion. “M-Momo... Whuh... *Whuh?!?*”

She couldn't summon up any more refined response to what her eyes were telling her. It seemed crazy--impossible! Momo, obese?! Such a thing could never happen... at least, not without some kind of Quirk-related evil influence being present... But she didn't see any villains nearby. Perhaps they were in hiding? Or in disguise?

All around Momo, servants and butlers swarmed, providing platters of food. In front of Momo’s face they placed roast duck, rice balls, treats and savories of all description--Ururaka even saw classic bento boxes mixed in. The meals seemed to have no rhyme or reason, selected only for their sheer caloric content. And Momo was devouring them with gusto.

“Mmmf... Thank you, Reginald... **BELLLLCH!!** That will be all, Jeeves... Oh, so kind of you, Henrietta...”

At least she’s still polite, thought Ururaka, her brain still shocked into helplessness by the sheer absurdity of the situation. Not only was it frightening to see her friend so bloated and unsightly, it was also impossible--no human could have gotten so fat in so short a time! Momo had only been away for a few weeks--how had she gotten so overweight?

It must be the work of a villain! Ururaka clenched fists.

“Don’t worry, Momo... I’ll rescue you!”

Ururaka’s shout caused the entire assembly to turn towards her. Surprised, even Momo lifted her fat face from the nearest bowl of udon noodles, looking like a pig interrupted in the middle of feasting from a trough.

“Ururaka... **Urrrrp**, wait, it’s not what you...”

“TO THE RESCUE!”

Ururaka leapt into the air, activating her Quirk... but she hadn’t considered she might need to over-exert it, to compensate for the several pounds of sugar churning in her guts. She

slammed into the table, flopping head over heels, and crashed to a halt in front of Momo, the tablecloth tangled around her.

Adding humiliation to injury, Ururaka's button-down shirt popped several buttons in the process, leaving her swollen pale stomach on display as her undershirt slid upwards.

"Uh... Hi, Momo," she said as the servants fled in panic. "I'm here to remove you from... the clutches of evil? I guess?"

Momo sighed, rubbing her forehead with one chubby hand. "Ururaka... **URrrP**, that's very sweet... But I haven't been captured by villains."

"What? Then why are you..." Ururaka gestured frantically. "So... so..."

"Fat? You can say it."

Momo blushed, heaving herself up to gently untangle Ururaka from the tablecloth. As she did, her enormous belly oozed over the edge of the table, Ururaka's eyes tracking it with fascination.

Wow... she really IS huge, Ururaka thought, her cheeks blazing with embarrassment for her friend. *I bet she could give the current Sumo "yokozuna" champion a run for his money!!*

"I'm doing this for the school," said Momo, pausing to gobble down a nearby potsticker dumpling as she worked. "They needed... **urrrRRp**, help with a secret project. And my powers--"

Suddenly, the door burst open. A horde of servants fled past them on the run from Ururaka's classmates, the girls of Class 1-A, who had taken her silence as evidence of foul play and broken through the front gates.

"*Ribbit!* We're here to save y--*Woah.*" Tsuu paused, taking in the sheer girth that Momo had become. "Momo? What happened to you?"

The others had similar questions. After a few moments of chaos, Momo was able to calm everyone down to explain her situation.

"Look, guys... It's simple. Our school is pretty much broke, lately. Their new dorms, the new security around campus and the lawsuits from all the recent villain attacks... it was too much. They can't break even."

Ururaka gasped. "So they made you fat, so you could use your Quirk to print a bunch of money for them? Momo, that's *criminal!*"

"What? No!" Momo waved a hand, her upper-arms wiggling with extra fat. "Nothing like that. My Quirk can make objects out of adipose tissue, yeah, but UA would never consider making counterfeit yen... Instead, they just asked me to get *really* big so I could make more training robots for them. Haven't you ever wondered how expensive those robots are? They're mostly on loan from the military--and they're not cheap. UA needed a way to get more of them, so they can continue training more students next year!"

Ururaka frowned, sitting up on the table. Her stomach, still uncomfortably swollen, oozed out onto her lap. "But then... The mysterious ledgers the school gave your family... They weren't full of sinister secrets?"

“No, no, of course not.” Momo sighed. “They’re full of robot schematics. For me to memorize, and generate, once I...” She blushed, shifting back and forth, her food-splattered belly wobbling. “Once I get fat enough to make really big objects. After I generate those robots, I should be back to normal weight--my Quirk consumes extra skin as well as fat, otherwise I’d be covered in skin flaps all the time. And it allows me to gain weight fast, too--to create fuel for the defense objects I make. Kind of a flexible-metabolism kind of thing.”

Ururaka nodded. “But... Then why didn’t you tell us?”

“I couldn’t! They didn’t want the school to lose face again. In fact, they didn’t want *anyone* knowing about this, not even our teachers, so you probably shouldn’t mention it. For my sake, as well as theirs. It’s a little... embarrassing. Even if I’m doing it for a good cause.” She pressed a hand to her mouth as another wet belch emerged. “Sorry to keep you all in the dark like that... **UrrrRRp.**”

“We understand... ribbit.” Tsuu hopped up on the table. “So you’re not in trouble? You were really just trying to help the school?”

Mina Ashido dipped her pink finger into a bowl full of whipping cream, licking it. “Mmm. Hey, at least you got to eat to your heart’s content! This looks like a lot of fun... even if it was tough on your waistline. Temporarily.”

Momo chuckled. “Yeah... I can’t lie, it’s been a lot of fun. I’ve always wanted to be able to eat anything I wanted... **urrp**, and now I can. At least until this project is over.”

Ururaka sighed. “Well... In that case, sorry for breaking into your house. And eating a bunch of your candy.”

“And beating up all those bodyguards, outside,” added Tsuu. “Is there any way we could make it up to you?”

Momo winced. “Aww... Guys, not the bodyguards. Well, there is one thing you could help me with...”

They all waited expectantly. In the silence, Ururaka tried to button her shirt again, and found the task impossible. Dammit! This is going to take ages to work off...

Momo nodded at a small tablet computer sitting on the table. “According to my BMI app, I’ve finally hit a high enough weight to start making those robots for UA.” Momo gestured around. “Buuut, that means we still have a lot of leftover food that needs eating. Do you guys mind helping out with that?”

Instantly the female population of Class 1A began to salivate. The answer was instant and unanimous: yes, they would like to help. Immediately! As much as possible.

And so for the rest of the afternoon, the girls gorged happily away... and put the mystery of Momo’s disappearance behind them. They ate, laughed, and occasionally teased Momo, who took it in stride. She’d always been the mother-hen of their group, and so didn’t mind having her belly prodded curiously by the others... especially by the invisible Toru, who couldn’t help but jiggle it curiously, wondering how Momo could stand being so noticeable to everyone.

However, there was one unhappy ending to the day. Mineta, who had been traumatized while staring through the window at Momo's fat-rolls, never quite recovered from his experience. From that day forward, he knew that deep inside the women of class 1-A there was a terrible greedy hunger... and he could never look at any of them the same way again.

Because if Momo--sweet, curvaceous Momo--could get massively fat... *any* of them could. And how the hell was he supposed to get off, knowing that?

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